

*Prin.* O my sweet beefe, I must still be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I doe not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue Procured thee *Iack* a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had beene of horse. Where shall I find one that can steale well? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or there about: I am hainously vnprovidid. Well, God bee thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous, I laud them, I prayse them.

*Prince. Bardoll.*

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Goe beare this letter to Lord *John of Lancaster*, To my brother *John*: this to my Lord of *Westmerlands*. Go, *Peto*, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time:

*Iacke* meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and their receiue

Mony and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,

And either they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hofes*, my breakefast come,

Oh, I could wish this *Tauerne* were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not through flattery,

Such attribution should the *Douglas* haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my hearts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dom.* Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent ibreathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well: what letters haue you there, I can but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him? why comes he not himselfe?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous sicke.

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he the leifure to be sicke

In such a iustling time? who leades his power?

Vnder whose gouernement come they along?

*Mess.* His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much feard by his Phisition.

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first bin whole,

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visited:

His health was neuer better worth then now.

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now, this sicknesse doth infect

The very life-bloud of our enterprife,

Tis catching hither, euen to our campe:

He writes me here, that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remou'd, but on his owne,

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduerrisement,

That with our small coniunction, we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,

Because the King is certainly posselt

Of all our purposes: what say you to it?

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a maim to vs.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limme lopt off,

And yet, in faith, it is not his present want

Seemes more then we shall find it. Were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states,

All at one cast? to set so rich a maine,

On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,

It were not good, for therein should we read

H

The